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CONTENTS.

Lenten Thoughts
An Important Question
The Little Flower of Carmel
The Exile of Erin
Maine's Early Irish Colonists
Longfellow and the Authorship of Hiawatha
Manaskan, an Indian Tale of Maine
Caroline D. Swan
Lent
Helen's Lesson
The Catholic Church in Maine
Historical and Magazine Notes

MOVABLE FEASTS.

Septuagesima Sunday,	Feb. 8	Ascension Day,	May 21
Sexagesima Sunday,	" 15	Whit Sunday,	" 31
Quinquagesima Sunday,	" 22	Trinity Sunday	June 7
Ash Wednesday,	" 25	Corpus Christi,,	" 11
First Sunday in Lent,	Mar. 1	First Sunday in Advent	Nov. 29
Palm Sunday,	Apr. 5	Sundays after Pentecost,	25
Easter Sunday,	" 12	Christmas falls on Friday.	
Low Sunday,	" 19		

HOLYDAYS OF OBLIGATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

On which every Catholic who has come to the age of reason is obliged to hear Mass and to rest from servile work, unless hindered by sickness or other sufficient cause.

1. All Sundays in the year.
2. The Circumcision of Our Lord, or New Year's Day, January 1.
3. Ascension of Our Lord May 21.
4. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 15.
5. All Saints, November 1.
6. The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, December 8.
7. The Nativity of Our Lord, December 25.

FAST-DAYS.

Binding on every Catholic who has reached the age of twenty-one and is not lawfully excused.

All the week-days of *Lent,* beginning on *Ash Wednesday,* Feb. 25. The *Fridays* in *Advent.* The *Ember-Days,* four times a year, *viz.,* the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays following: 1. The first Sunday in *Lent* (March 4, 6, 7); 2. *Whitsunday* (June 3, 5, 6); 3. The fourteenth of *September* (September 16, 18 19); 4. The third Sunday of *Advent* (December 16, 18, 19). Also the vigil of Pentecost, May 30; of the Assumption, August 14; of All Saints, October 31; of Christmas, December 24. When a feast falls on Monday, the vigil is kept on the Saturday preceding.

In some dioceses the Friday of the Ember-Days is the only Friday in Advent on which there is an obligation to fast.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.

On which we are not allowed to eat flesh-meat.

All Fridays in the year, and all fast-days of obligation, excepting those on which the use of flesh-meat is expressly allowed by the proper authorities. Soldiers and sailors in the service of the United States however, are exempt from the rule of abstinence all through the year, excepting upon Ash Wednesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday in Holy Week, and upon the vigils of the Assumption and of Christmas. In most dioceses of the United States dispensation from abstinence is granted to the laboring classes and their household on any day, excepting Fridays, Ash-Wednesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas.

MOST REV. JOHN BONZANO, D. D.

Archbishop of Militene,

Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

Lenten Thoughts

Again holy mother Church mindful of those many personal victories attained by her children, through that mastery of self obtained by means of those acts of self-denial performed in response to her oft repeated admonitions, places before us the holy season of Lent, her official season of penitential austerities during which for her own spiritual and temporal interests as well as ours, she asks us to forego many of those legitimate diversions and pleasures allowed us during our passage here on earth, and for the time being enter into that spirit of expiation, that spirit of bodily austerities so strikingly examplified in the life of her Divine founder.

The essence, object, and purposes of this spirit have been so recently and so admirably set forth by the Apostolic Delegate in his timely utterance on this important subject as to merit our careful consideration. Speaking in general on what might be termed Lenten thoughts, His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, said:

"Lent remains the same throughout the Christian world. The days of fasting may change, but the number is the same, and while the manner of keeping this season of penance has been modified to a great extent to suit the times and conditions of various peopples, still the obligation remains.

"In some European countries the keeping of Lent is observed with the utmost rigor. No doubt there are many fervent people who keep the rule in this country.

"It was from the early apostolic period a fast of 40 days, commemorating the time of retirement, prayer and privation of the Divine Redeemer in the desert, and also the 40 hours in which the body of the crucified Savior remained in the tomb.

"Church fathers ascribe that in selecting a period of 40 days associated with the life of the Savior, it was also remembered that Moses retired for 40 days and likewise the same number is given the period of prayer of the prophet Elias.

"Lent in the heroic ages of the church meant 40 week days of fasting, for Sundays were always exempt. From the beginning to the end of the time appointed all flesh meat and for the most part all food derived from meat or from animals, called lartinia, milk, cheese, eggs and butter, were forbidden.

"On all fasting days only one meal was permitted, and that late in the evening. Some of the devout did not even exempt Sunday from this long black fast, beginning on Ash Wednesday and ending only with the day-break peal on Easter morning.

"Throughout the middle ages this stringent rule remained in force and only later do we note the relaxation. This was permitted gradually as the necessity arose and when the fast was lightened another penance was supposed to be substituted.

SPAIN'S PECULIAR PRIVILEGES.

"At the present time the keeping of Lent is observed in practically the same way throughout all of Europe, except Spain.

"In Italy—and in all Continental countries—breakfast is a mere trifle, compared to the meal here. Just a cup of black coffee, usually eaten with a light, crisp roll, unaccompanied by butter.

"Luncheon and dinner are more complete meals, and so general is the keeping of Lent among the people that cafes make provision in a special way for those who are tourists or not of the religion which observes the fasts. There are different rooms in some Italian cafes for those who are dispensed, while dinners and luncheons conforming with the rules for Lent are provided for regular patrons.

"Spain and the obligation of fasting have always proved matters difficult to understand. Certain privileges were bestowed upon the domain of Ferdinand and Isabella because of their stupendous service to the Christian Church in expelling the Moors and also because of deeds of heroism performed by the Spanish Crusaders before the gates of Jerusalem.

"They were granted forever the privilege of eating meat on Fridays and dispensed from the penance of Lent. These fasts being altogether rules of the church and no part of the commandments of God, it was entirely within the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff to grant this sweeping dispensation.

"These privileges were tenaciously claimed by all Pan-America and some parts of the United States were also included in the spiritual realm of the Latins, all the original Spanish possessions, as New Mexico, and all the Southwest Christianized by the Spanish Franciscans.

"Recently, however, that ancient privilege has been gradually withdrawn. The Spanish must ask permission to have the exemption apply personally. All the islands of the Carribean Sea claim the historic privilege of exemption, though by degrees the universal rule is being applied as gently as possible.

NOT OUT OF FASHION.

"Is Lent going out of fashion? Is that ancient devotion about which cluster so many rites and traditions passing away? These

questions are often asked me. But I know of nothing which would warrant even a tentative dissent to its disuse, or exempting the Spanish people as explained, or any ordinance which would inspire such conclusions.

"The command remains in full force, obligatory to all those who hear the voice of authority and who adhere to Apostolic decree. One reason which will appeal to the thoughtful in a forceful way is that by so doing we form a link which binds us to the heroic days of the church.

"We are following a hallowed tradition made sacred first by the Divine Redeemer and those whom He sent to the ends of the earth to preach His Gospel. This alone would keep such an honored devotion from falling into disuse among the pious, and there remain many such. I should venture to say that thousands and thousands will keep the spirit of the venerable ordinance, although they may be bodily too weak to follow all the rigors laid down by the law.

"I shall only be voicing the best medical authorities to call attention to the sanitary aspects of keeping Lent, apart from its spiritual significance.

"The word Lent is of Teutonic origin and it now has the restricted meaning of the 40 days preceding Easter, and this is practically all of the Spring season. To abstain from meat in the coming of Spring is an olden recipe for health.

"To eat of the green things which are springing up in the earth, to drink the healing drafts from roots or herbs, all these were the primitive ordinances for health, and now they are joined to the spiritual need. We say, do it because it is good for the body and, we add, do it because the church commands it and it is good for the soul.

FASTING IS NOT ALL.

"But fasting does not comprise all the obligations of Lent. It is wise to have a period of rest and respite from the cares and burdens of life, also from its frivolities, to ponder on the serious things, to lay down the nerve-racking load and calm the mind and body. There are so many good reasons to be advanced—even omitting the best, which are the spiritual obligations.

"To abstain from meat is very beneficial, and those who have tried a light vegetable diet for a few weeks in Spring will remember how they were benefited. To voluntarily deprive ourselves of any pleasure or indulgence makes for strength of character. To attend fewer places of amusement and then to select very carefully the kind, to give alms, to attend the church services are other ways in which the real spirit of the Lenten season may be observed.

"The works of mercy apply to all times, but especially during the specific periods of devotion. To visit the sick, to comfort

the afflicted, to visit prisons and to endeavor to give of one's abundance or of one's poverty, so that the precept of charity is fulfilled.

"Nearly all the countries which have received the Gospel have interwoven curious legends about the keeping of Lent. Many, in an attractive form, have become part of the folklore of their race.

"For instance, in France, the peasants formerly carried an effigy resembling Guy Faux from one village to another. As Ash Wednesday marked the death of all good living, a collection for the burial of poor Guy was jocularly taken up and there was much innocent merriment.

"Fire-brand Sunday—so often mentioned by medieval chroniclers, is associated with ceremonies of the First Sunday of Lent in Burgundy. The peasants, with lighted torches, passed solemnly through the street, driving away, as they thought, the bad air from the earth.

"Then there is a formidable array of customs connected with Mardi Gras—fast Tuesday—the last day before Lent, when feasting and merry making marked the ceremonies all over Christendom.

MUST APPEAL TO EVERY CHRISTIAN.

"These carnivals were permitted until they became offensive in different ways or ceased to be the innocent pleasures allowable before beginning the long, rigid period of fasting which Ash Wednesday ushered in. At present they are more historic memories than actual successors of the famous fetes of the middle ages.

"But they all tend to show what a hold on the public mind the coming of Lent possessed. Religiously, it must appeal to every Christian and for all the good reasons specified. For health's sake, and for the soul's sake, it is good to follow the ancient decree.

"In this country the fast has been lightened extensively. The stress of times, the tremendous energy needed to keep up with modern life, in some parts the difficulty of getting substitutes for meat, eggs and fish have been considered.

"Details about the keeping of Lent for Catholics are regulated by each bishop for his own diocese. What the bishop cannot regulate relates to the spirit of the law attending the devotions, leading quiet and edifying lives and doing good works wherever possible.

"These are well to perfrom all the days of the year, but they make a special appeal to the worthy Christian during the 40 days in which we are reminded of the retirement and prayer of the Divine Redeemer."

An Important Question

A bill recently introduced in the United States Senate by the Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell, Senator from Louisiana, which since it deals with one of the most vital questions before our people today is deserving of more than a mere passing notice.

The resolution offered by Senator Ransdell proposes to insert the following provisions in the United States Constitution:

"Section 1. Absolute divorce with right to remarry, however, however shall not be permitted in the United States, or in any place under their jurisdiction. Uniform laws in regard to marriage and to separation from bed and board without permission to remarry shall be enacted for the United States and all places subject to them.

"Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Speaking in defense of his proposed amendment, Senator Ransdell adduced some very interesting data which clearly shows the necessity of some radical legislation for the future well being of our country. "Practically every one," said the Honorable Senator, "who has given the subject the slightest study admits that divorce is one of the most serious problems confronting our Republic. It has permeated every walk of life and is prevalent among every class of people. The total number of divorces granted in 1867 was 9,937 or 27 per 100,000 population. Forty years later in 1906 there were 72,062 divorces, or 86 per 100,000. Thus in actual numbers there were more than seven times as many divorces granted in 1906 as in 1867, or allowing for the increased population, divorce had increased 319 per cent. If divorces multiply at the same rate in the future as in the past—and there is every indication that they will increase faster—before the middle of this century, we will have annually in the United States 275 divorces per 100,000 population, or one divorce for every five marriages."

"Our closest competitor in Europe and Switzerland, with 41 divorces annually per 100,000 population; Hungary, with 35, and France with 33, according to the statistics for 1910 and 1911, while Japan has 215 divorces to our 86." To make a most striking comparison, during 1901 the total number of divorces granted in the United States was more than twice as great as in all the rest of Christendom combined, yes actually more than two times as many divorces among 75,000,000 Americans that year as among the 400,000,000 souls of Europe and other Christian countries.

England stands in bold contrast with this country. In 1911 she granted only 655 divorces, or 1 1-2 per 1,000,000 while in 1906 the United States allowed 72,062 divorces or 86 per 100,000. During the twenty years ending with 1906 Ireland had only 19 divorces, or an average of less than one absolute divorce per year for her entire population of 4,500,000."

INVIOLATA.

No sin could touch Thee, nor the tempter near,
Sweet virgin in Thy Motherhood divine.
Serene, sublime, on earth without a peer,
A spotless soul, a spotless body, Thine.
"Inviolata" sings the Church our Mother,
Nor chants this blessed word save for One Other.
Ah, could our hearts this tender thought repeat
And honor Thee with every restless beat!

As Sacred Manna in a golden vase
Thou wert preserved by God's eternal love;
Nor could the Saviour's birth Thy vow debase,
As o'er Thee hung the Sanctifying Dove.
Sole boast of human hearts forever craving
Immaculate perfection—ever laving
In waters of repentance nature's stain,
Invoking Thee for grace and not in vain.

O Lady Pure, Thou chosen Holy Way,
By which our Jesus came unto His own;
Behold, He longs within our hearts to stay
And make of them an earthly human throne.
Then Lady, here is gift for gift—we proffer
Thy Son to Thee, with Him our hearts we offer.
Accept the drop within the Boundless Sea,
"Inviolata," chaste and fair to see.

(Lyria)

The Little Flower of Carmel

Our Holy Father, Pius X., remarked on reading the autobiography of this dear and holy religious: "Little Therese blossomed like a flower and has spread abroad the flower's pleasing perfume."

Never has the appropriateness of this comparison of a religious soul to a flower been brought to bear so forcibly upon this materialistic age, as in the case of this saintly Carmelite of the Convent at Lisieux, France—Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, or as she is now dearly and familiarly known, "The Little Flower of Jesus."

No doubt many of our readers are already well acquainted with "The Story of a Soul" translated from the autobiography of Soeur Therese, as written at the command of her Superior.

Little did this holy soul dream the sketch of her own life written by herself would ever be exposed to public gaze. But the charm of its simplicity, and the sublime revelation of the workings of Divine Love in its mystic union between Thérèse and her Heavenly Spouse were not destined to remain unknown. After her death the Superior of Carmel was persuaded to have the writings of the young Sister published, and for this a devout world is very grateful.

Short and beautiful was the life of "Petite Thérèse," and many a soul after reading its pages will be induced to follow in the pathway of love and trust.

"Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin was born at Alençon, on January 2, 1873. Her parents, M. Martin and Zelie Gueren had both in earlier life aspired to the higher calling of the religious life. But God had destined them for something different; hence, M. Martin was refused admittance to the Order of Saint Bernard, as likewise his future wife was told quite plainly by one of the old religions of the Sisters of Charity that she was not wanted there. Quite by accident, or rather by a special arrangement of Providence, these two young persons met and were married in 1858. The union of these two deeply religious souls was blessed by God with a large family, of whom little Thérèse was the ninth. Her parents had hoped for a son who might become a priest—for, although two sons had already been given to them, God had reclaimed them both while still quite young.

Little Therese, however, received a warm welcome, and it was not long before her parents realized that in their little daughter God had given them a really precious treasure."

The youngest of this happy family and the darling of the household, she was surrounded by the deepest affection, and was herself of a very loving nature.

She could not bear to have her mother out of her sight and one day, kissing her passionately she exclaimed, "O Mamma, I wish you would die!" When told by her fond parent that it was not right for her to have such a desire, she answered, "But I want you to go to Heaven, and you say we must die to go there." She was very proud of her two big sisters, particularly Pauline. On being told that Pauline would be a nun, she artlessly said: "I will be a nun, too." And, indeed, at this very early age the Divine Spouse of Virgins was calling her to closer union with Himself.

But Thérèse was not spoiled, as is shown in the following instance: "Once as seated on her favorite swing in the garden, her papa was passing by and called his 'Little Queen,' as he loved to name her, to come and kiss him. But the 'Little Queen,' seated upon her swing throne was looking for homage that day, and answered, 'Papa must come for it.' Her father very rightly did not come for it; instead he continued on his way to the house.

In a moment the child was filled with grief and hastening after him to assure him of her sorrow and lavish upon him a dozen kisses for the one she had bargained for a moment before. "How charming and how consolingly human is one who was destined to be God's little Saint!"

Thérèse was a delightfully candid child; and in writing to Pauline, then at boarding school, her mother says: "It is charming to see her run after me to confess her childish faults. 'Mamma, I have pushed Celine. I slapped her once, but I'll not do it again,' or 'Tell Papa that I tore the paper,' when she accidentally tore some paper off the wall."

But Thérèse, who was seemingly so sweet and lovable in disposition, declares that she had many faults. "I was unconquerably stubborn, and when I said 'No' nothing could change me. I was filled with self-love, and ribbons, pretty frocks, and such like vanities delighted me. With such a disposition I feel sure that had I been brought up by careless parents I should have become very wicked." But when we remember that she in all humility says this of herself, it softens the aspect of it all.

The sunshine of her childhood was not without its shadows. Her dear mother bade farewell to earth on August 2, 1877, Thérèse being then only four years old. Shortly after the family moved from Alençon to Lisieux.

Here the "Little Queen" was constantly with her father who had retired from business and spent his time at home looking after the training of his children. Pauline entered Carmel soon after and the grief at parting caused little Therese a severe

Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux

The Little Flower of Jesus.

illness, during which she tells us that a remarkable favor was granted her—a smile from the Blessed Virgin. On May 8, 1884, Thérèse made her First Communion, of which she says: "The most beautiful day of all the days of my life. How sweet was the first embrace of Jesus. It was, indeed, an embrace of love. I felt that I was loved and I said, 'I love Thee and I give myself to Thee forever.'" Little Therese had vanished and Jesus remained as it were in her place.

On Christmas day, 1886, she tells us, the sweet Infant Jesus worked a miracle of grace in her soul and she was completely converted from all her childish faults and imperfections. The child was scarcely fourteen years old when she ardently longed to offer herself upon the altar of religious life as a holocaust of love.

Having obtained her father's consent, she applied to the Superior of the Carmelites for admission to the cloister. Here undreamed of difficulties presented themselves. She was told to wait until she was twenty-one.

Again, but without effect, she applied to the Bishop of the Diocese. Finally, she went with her father on a pilgrimage to Rome, where she resolved to put aside her natural timidity and make a last appeal. She relates the interview as follows: "The next moment I found myself on my knees before the Holy Father. I kissed his foot and he held out his hand; then, raising my eyes, which were filled with tears, I said entreatingly, "Holy Father, I have a great favor to ask you . . . . in honor of your Jubilee, will you allow me to enter Carmel when I am fifteen? Holy Father, if you will only say so, everyone else will agree." He looked at me fixedly, and said clearly and emphatically: "Well! Well! You will enter it if it is God's Will."

And God's Will it proved to be. After a few months, on April 9, 1888, Thérèse was admitted to Carmel, and passing from the love and sweet devotedness of one family, received the loving welcome into another whose lofty spiritual affections are wholly unknown to the world. Nor, again, was she spoiled in this dear home of the cloister. "Our Lord," she says, "allowed you, dear Mother, to treat me very severely. You found fault with me whenever you met me. I remember once I had left a cobweb in the cloister, and you said to me before the whole community, "It is easy to see that our cloisters are swept by a child of fifteen." Or again, when she had been sent by her novice mistress to weed the garden, this same Mother remarked, "Really, this child does absolutely nothing. What are we to think of a novice who must have a walk every day?" The fervent young Religious regarded her Superior with the eyes of Faith and understood that these trials were only beautiful graces granted by her Divine Spouse to beautify her soul in His sight.

On January 10, 1889, she received the Habit of Carmel, and in September of the following year, she made her Holy Profession. "It was the Nativity of Mary. What a beautiful day on which to become the Spouse of Jesus! It was the little newborn holy Virgin, who presented her Little Flower to the Little Jesus. Everything was little that day except the graces I received." Thérèse ardently longed to wing her flight to Heaven to be united with Jesus. Thus by love and childlike trust in her celestial Bridegroom, her pure soul rapidly attained such great perfection. But the roses of love were not without the thorns of suffering; for many, many times she experienced great dryness and desolution of spirit. Not only in spirit did she suffer, but she underwent a physical martyrdom, for the rigorous life of the Carmelite nun began to tell on her health.

But love lightened the burden. All she suffered was through love, all she did was done through love, and all she bore was borne through love—the love of Jesus, her adorable Spouse.

Her many trials she knew how to turn to advantage, as in one instance she relates of a Sister for whom she had a natural dislike:

"I set about to do for this Sister what I should do for the one I loved most." And that she succeeded admirably is shown by the fact that this same Sister once asked little Thérèse why she always smiled sweetly at her, what it was that she found attractive about her.

It is not surprising to find that in spite of her tender age, Thérèse was chosen by her Superior as Assistant Novice Mistress, and faithfully she fulfilled the trust placed in her, accomplishing wonderful good by her humility and obedience. Many wonderful answers were granted to her prayers.

Once when a young criminal was about to be executed, he refused to repent, but remained obdurate to the very last moment. Thérèse begged Jesus to grant him the grace of repentance, and just as he was being dragged to the block of execution, he seized the crucifix offered him, and kissed it devoutly.

Again, with a sweet simplicity she tells how, seeing one of the Sisters writing beautiful poetry, she wished she might be able to do so. She tried and profound mystical thought flowed from her pen. A collection of her sweet verses has been translated as "Petals of the Little Flower."

At the close of Lent, 1896, she was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs and she knew that the "Master was calling." But long months of suffering passed before deliverance was at hand. Her self control and patient endurance were a constant marvel to Sisters and Doctors. But it was "Divine Love more than sickness that made this Little Flower droop, until on September 30, 1897, the Heavenly Gardener transplanted His sweet Flower from earth to the Garden of His Sacred Heart.

During her illness, Sister Thérèse often said: "I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth," and "After my death I will let fall a Shower of Roses." And, indeed, she is keeping her promises. Many are the remarkable cures and favors wrought through her intercession, and in the book entitled The Shower of Roses, may be found an authentic account of her miracles. Sick and sinner, rich and poor have received benefits at her hands. May she bless and help each dear reader of this little sketch.

Prayers for the Beatification of this sweet Servant of God are being offered, that having wrought such favors upon earth —the favor of being called blessed may be granted in turn to her. The following prayers are those authorized to draw from Holy Mother Church, the sanction of supreme authority in favor of the Little Flower of Carmel.

O, Jesus, who to confound our pride didst will to be born a little child, and who later didst speak those words sublime: "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven," vouchsafe to hear our humble prayers on behalf of her who so perfectly lived that life of spiritual childhood and who has so persuasively recalled to us its ways.

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem, by the winning charms of Thy Divine Infancy, Adorable Face of Jesus, by the humiliations of Thy Passion, we beseech Thee, if it be for the glory of God and for the sanctification of souls, grant that the halo of the Blessed may soon adorn the chaste brow of Thy childlike spouse, Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, Amen.

Merciful Father, in the name of Thy sweet Jesus, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Saints, I beg of Thee, to inflame me with Thy spirit of love, and to grant me the grace of winning for Thee much love.

(*Payer of Soeur Thérèse.*)

Approved Novena, Our Father. Hail Mary, three times, with an invocation to Sister Teresa. "My God, I love Thee." Last words of Soeur Thérèse.

The Exile of Erin

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander along by the wind-beaten hill.
But the daystar attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit they sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
Oh. my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure!
Tears like rain-drops may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin! Erin go bragh!

—Thomas Campbell.

Maine's Early Irish Colonists

Many years before Thomas Campbell's chance meeting with a band of Irish exiles at Hamburg had moved his poetic spirit to utter his oft repeated stanzas on the "Exile of Erin," many an aged mother, "sisters and sire," had stood by the "cabin door, fast by the wild wood," sadly watching the slowly receding form of some loved one, setting out from "the green sunny bowers, where my forefathers lived," to seek "a home and a country" amid the forest wilds of the western world.

From "his own native isle," from her "sea-beaten shore," he had allowed his thoughts in spirit to wander from "the sweetest isle of the ocean" so sadly afflicted, to the North, to the South, to the East, to the West, perchance to Maine where "in the fire of his youthful emotion" in the strength of his years he might establish that home and a country now no longer possible in the land of his forefathers.

Many were the pangs and sad was the scene which marked the Exile's departure and many were they who turned their hopes towards the American shores.

Who among these exiles first came to Maine? Whilst her virgin forests were yet untouched whilst her fertile soil was yet untilled, we are sure that many of Erin's sturdy, honest children were wending their way thither.

The soil of Maine was perchance trodden by Irish feet long before that October day of 1492 when Columbus first beheld the shores of the new world, for what student of Irish history has not heard of St. Brendan and his long voyages across the western ocean. However, this may be, doubt there must always remain concerning the fact of these early visits to our hemisphere, until such a time as the constant researches of the antiquarian shall have been duly rewarded.

At a meeting of The American Irish Society held at its parlors in New York on the evening of January 21 of this present year, there was a series of readings on "Irish Colonists in New York during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." One of the papers presented brought to light the interesting data that there were Irish in New York as early as 1645, at Gravesend in 1651 to 1653, and in Albany county in 1666. While in no way wishing to detract from the glory due the Empire state for the eminent records of her Celtic children, we feel that we may even here in Maine lay claim to the coming of Irish settlers at as early if not earlier date than that set by our American Irish Society friends of New York.

It is possible that there were some Irish members on Weymonth's expedition in the early summer of 1605 to the Kennebec and its vicinity, for some of the names would seem to be Celtic in origin.

Twenty years later, July 15th, 1625, we find a deed was signed and executed by the Indian Sagamores, Somerset and Unnongoit, whereby a certain tract of land in the present town of Bristol was conveyed to one John Brown of New Harbor, Me. While the name of Brown may be English, we find it not uncommon in Ireland. According to a census report, there were in 1630 at Pemaquid, St. George, and Sheepscot no less than 84 families to say nothing of the many fishermen who then frequented our Maine coast. It does not seem unfair to suppose that many of these early colonists were as their names would seem to indicate of Irish origin.

The earliest book of recorded deeds in Maine, appears to have been opened in 1643 by Roger Garde who had secured a large tract of land on the North side of Agamenticus river in 1637. This was in the present county of York.

In "York Deeds" Vol. I, Part I, Fol. 7, we find the following transfer of land, it being the third herein recorded.

..nly
to
..nes This indenture mad the 24th of June 1648 witnesseth yt Ab... Conley by & with the frée consent of my Wife doeth grant assign & set over unto Thomas Jones my house & Field ...closed, with all the Appurtenances thereunto belonging Situate lying & being in the bounds of Kittery next adjacent unto House & Field of William Everet

Know all men therefore that I Abraham Conley for divers causes & considerationsme thereunto moving, as also a valuable Consideration him in hand paid as doth & may appear by These Bills under my Hand the Day & Year above written: Know men therefore that I Abraham Conley doe by these Presents give grant sell assigne & set over the aforssd premises with the Appertences unto the forsed Thomas ..... his Heirs for ever to have & to hold, quietly to possess & enjoy without Molestation from th ..... Time & for ever In Witness wr of both Parties have set to their Hands & Seals enterchangeably the ..... Year above written. The mark of Abra Conley. Signed Sealed & delivered in ye Presence of Basil Parker Joseph Austin

This is a true copy of the Original taken the 24th of
me Basil Parker Re : cor.

In quoting the above in its original form thus preserving the ancient document, we would imply or argue that Conley must have been a resident of Kittery for at least a few years previous to the date above given in order to acquire property and deed the same to Jones. There should we think be no question about the name of Conley.

In the same volume of "York Deeds" over the date of April 8, 1650, we find an agreement between Conley, Abraham and John Hord regarding a right of way over what was known as "Conley's Marsh."

On a petition from the inhabitants of Monhegan addressed to the General Court of Massachusetts in the year 1670 or 1672 asking for some assurances of protection, we find the name of Thomas Fleming. In 1674-5 we note the appointment of Raynold Kelley as a grand juror, and the license granted John Dolling, perhaps Dowling to keep an inn on Monhegan Island.

In an old cemetery at Berwick, on a moss covered head stone, we read the following inscription:

"Here
are buried
the bodies of
John Sullivan,
and Margery His wife.
He was born in Limerick,
in Ireland, in the year
1692, and died in the year
1796.
She was born in Cork,
in Ireland in the year
1714, and died in 1801
This marble is placed to their
Memory by their son, James Sullivan.

John Sullivan sailed from Limerick in 1723, landing at York, Maine, going thence to Berwick where he remained until June 20, 1795 when he departed this life at the ripe age of 105 years and three days. His wife Margery Brown survived him six years, dying in 1801, aged 87. John Sullivan and Margery Brown were probably the parents of the most noted Irish American family of our early colonial days. It was perhaps in connection with them that the oft repeated story of the Irish mother took its origin.

A passerby stopped one day, so the story goes, to view a rock-strewn farm which perhaps gave so little evidence of prosperity, that he was led to ask the good woman whose accent betrayed her origin, what crops she expected to raise on her rugged sea side farm.

"Craps is it?" said the Irish matron." Faith but I'll be after raising a Governor or two, wid maybe a Gineral or a Jedge, and a handful o' brave byes thrown in f'r ballast, that'll make these woods an' swamps laugh wid a harvest sich as the ould worrld niver dramed ov. Thims the craps that with God's blissin, we'll be after sindin to the world's mill one o' these days."

Did honest Margery Sullivan make this prophecy? At any rate her first son Benjamin Sullivan became an officer in the

Royal Navy where he was lost just before the Revolution. Her 2nd son Daniel on the breaking out of the Revolution entered the Continental army where he did heroic service in the defense of his country; her third son John was a Major-General in the United States Army, afterwards Governor of New Hampshire; her fourth son James served as Attorney General for 17 years, afterwards he was Governor of Massachusetts; her fifth son Eben also served his country as an officer in the Revolutionary army. Any mother might well feel proud of a like record on the part of her five sons, and if the hand of the romancer hath woven the above story, Margery Brown has certainly afforded abundant material.

In early days, we encounter another Irish family, natives of the North of Ireland, living at the beginning of 1700 or thereabouts at Georgetown on the coast of Maine, George Rodgers and wife from Londonderry, Ireland. To them in 1706 was born at Georgetown a son, Patrick who came to Bristol where he lived until his death Nov. 24, 1796 at the age of 90 years.

In 1740 there came to Maine, from Dublin, Ireland, Morris O'Brien who first settled at Scarboro, going thence in 1765 to Machias where he died in 1799. Morris O'Brien gave to Maine, six sons,—Jeremiah, John, Gideon, William, Denis, Joseph, and three daughters, Martha, Joanna and Mary.

On the rolls of the Georgetown Militia company under date of 1757, we read the names of John McPheterick, Francis McMoran, Timothy Reardon, John Dunn, Dennis Rian, John Quin, Michael Doyel, William Kely, Edward Coffee, Thomas Carroll, John Wealan, Michael Shion.

Among the soldiers stationed at Wiscasset and vicinity in 1757, we remark such Celtic names as Corporal John O'Neal, and Thomas Murphy, all of which clearly proves that the tide of Celtic immigration turned at a very early date towards the shores of the Pine Tree State, for taking the names already enumerated, beginning with the now ancient York and Monhegan settlements, to Pownalboro, Bristol, and Pemaquid to about the year 1760, after which date we have the settlements rather than the issolated families to consider, then bearing in mind how many there must have been whose passing has remained unrecorded, we easily see how important a part was taken by our Celtic forefathers in Maine's early foundations.

Thus we believe that we have noted only a few of the early Irish colonists who were among the first settlers to come to our State, to rear their primitive homes in her virgin forests under the shadows of her towering pines. They were for the most part poor and illiterate, but the records they left prove them to have been of that sturdy stock which the evergreen Isle has for many a century been sending to seek among the nations of the earth, homes which she was no longer able to offer them within her "sea-beaten shores." Of earthly goods she had little to bestow

on them, for her estates had been confiscated and her faith proscribed. Wandering her children came to our forest lands, to clear, to sow, and to till, but the one thing which had been their pride and their glory was now denied them, for here the pioneer settler found neither church nor priest, and as the years passed by, as the good old sires were gathered to their fathers, with no Soggarth Aroon to bid them Godspeed, to shrive and to cheer their last moments, is it any wonder that their children of today whilst glorying in the virtues of the departed, no longer know the dear old Faith which was the corner stone of their forefather's greatness.

STRIVE, WAIT AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of today
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Longfellow and the Authorsnip of Hiawatha

The month of February brings before us a list of gifted authors, statesmen and patriots, and it is difficult to choose a subject of discourse in the eminent array before us. The selection for our present writing is based upon the source of our first strictly indigenous American epic poem, with reference to the poet in the discussion of his peculiar gift—everywhere to detect and exploit whatever was truly poetic.

Not long ago, Rev. Benedict Guldner, S. J., Professor of rhetoric in Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., gave to the reading public this literary item of very special interest. Reading the diary of Father James Marquette, as printed in John Gilmary Shea's Discovery and Exploitation of the Mississippi Valley, he found that passages of it have strong resemblances to passages in Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

Having compared the texts, Father Guldner found that Longfellow had reproduced with very little change, entire passages from the journal of the Jesuit missionary. This puts beyond doubt the fact (and Longfellow himself, in a note in his first edition, at least indirectly, acknowledges as much) that the black robe in "Hiawatha" is Père Marquette, and that Hiawatha himself is none other than the venerable old man whom Marquette describes in his diary.

A few passages suffice to show that Longfellow had Marquette's diary before him when he wrote the twenty-second canto of "Hiawatha."

Marquette writes:

"At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture . . . . . This old man was standing perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which, nevertheless, passed through his fingers to his face."

Longfellow's version is:

"At the doorway of his wigwam
Hiawatha stood and waited.
Towards the setting sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders."

Again Father Marquette:

"When we came near him, he paid us this compliment: 'How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace.'"

Longfellow's rendering is as follows:

"Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you,
You shall enter all our wigwams."

Then again from Marquette's diary:

"The Sachem rose and spoke thus: 'I thank thee, Blackgown, for taking so much pains to visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as today; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has ouur tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our cornfields looked so beautiful as we behold them today.'"

Then the poet:

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As today they shine and blossom,
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks or sandbars,
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sandbar.
Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on."

From such data it is not rash to conclude that the first American epic owes its origin and substance as well as its inspiration, to Father Marquette's diary.

Longfellow made use of the narratives and descriptions which he found in the relations of the early missionaries as well as those of Père Marquette—and all to good purpose.

Thus did the pioneer missionaries not only prepare the way for the history of the country but also for its poetry. Well, may the nation regard them as benefactors not only from a moral and religious point of view but also from that of a literary and poetic one.

The poet of our State was not slow to discover this and knowing where true treasures lay he sought to enhance his art by the merit of their adornment.

S. J. L.

Manaskan

An Indian Tale of Maine

(Denis Darcy.)

CHAPETR VII.

A New Life.

The way through the forests had been long and perilous, for stern pitiless winter still bound the country and it was not yet time for even a whisper of spring. The stillness of death was everywhere, over the bewildering vistas of peak on peak that were graying in the gathering shadows or burning with the glow of sunset or of sunrise. Storms had filled the black gorges with snow drifts that had slipped, shuddering into their fathomless depths; on the gentler slopes, towering the dark pines stood, rigid and ice-sheathed, and the waterfalls clung, like white foam-wraiths, to the rock, held by the death-grip of the frost.

North, south, east, west, all was colorless, lifeless, desolate and weeks were spent traveling and resting alternately until the settlement was finally reached, the Indians pausing at the outskirts and returning to their home, leaving the missionary with his companions and his young protege to go forward and find a hearth and the greeting of welcome awaiting them.

The St. John settlement was a struggling one and the outlook at best cheerless. Years before, a fierce encounter with the Indians of those parts had created a strong enmity between the settlers and the savages; and constant dread of new attacks kept the settlers in a state of fear and axniety.

The good missionary had come two years before as an Apostle to this field of rugged heights, and with the aid of the settlers had built a little log chapel and a tiny two-roomed apartment as a kind of annex for living rooms.

Before the rude altar of this pioneer chapel in a new land, gleamed the little lamp like a star amid clouds of ignorance and suffering that its pure ray could not seem to pierce.

It was very late when the priest and the boy reached the gate of the block wall surrounding the mission. The watchman knelt to kiss the hand of the holy man and bid him welcome.

"Shure, me head was that dazed," said the sentry, "that I thought first me eyes were blind and that it was your ghost coming to me out of the darkness."

"Is all well, Garrick?" asked the priest anxiously, "I have been away for four months. Have no ships come in?"

"Only wan, your rivirince; an' its meself will be crossin' the seas again, the furst chanst I get. It's little I dhramed of these murtherin' scalpers that keep us hidin' and dodgin' an' not knowin' which way to look or turn. Barry Moore, the wan wid the cough and the stooped shoulders took to his bed a week after you left us and 'tis his cross that marks the grave at the foot of yon hill. We were fortunate in every other way and kept up the prayers at the chapel every day and Sundays as if ye wor there yersilf, yer rivirince, which ye worrint, and well we knew it."

"Take these people who have been homeless for several months and give them a lodging, Garrick," said the priest.

Garrick eyed the boy suspiciously but said nothing, and the priest went on towards the chapel followed closely by Manaskan. The priest entered the only place of consolation and cast himself on his knees before the altar, the astonished boy stood behind him staring in bewilderment at the quaint altar, the crimson-tinted lamp swinging from the ceiling—and the statue of Our Lord, the form divine, that seemed to rise life-like in majestic beauty amid the rose-hued shadows—welcoming the boy, who out of a savage childhood and perils of all kinds had found refuge at last.

"Down on your knees, Manaskan," whispered the missionary, "and thank your heavenly Father for bringing you here where you will learn to know Him better and to love Him truly."

Manaskan knelt down and continued to stare in dull wonder. The missionary looked back at the boy and thought of the divine ministrations that love and mercy were working in his young soul.

"Come, Manaskan, you are cold and trembling, my poor child, and no wonder. We shall have a warm fire in a very short time. Step into my room here," and the priest opened the door of the little addition that served as his modest dwelling.

Materials for a fire being at hand and plenty of dry logs beside the fireplace, a cheerful blaze soon sprang up the and diffused warmth in abundance.

Manaskan threw himself on the bearskin before the grate, and soon felt the generous glow warming his chilled blood, supplying his stiffened limbs, and bracing his quivering nerves into life and strength again.

"Poor child," said the priest, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on that fire that had blazed so royally under his skillful touch. "How shall I provide for your wants? The Lord must surely send me some kindly assistance." And indeed the little room that served both as sleeping room and kitchen was tiny enough.

The good missionary had broken tender ties at his Master's call and there were gentle touches here and there that told he was not forgotten by the dear ones he had so sternly and bravely left. Over the fireplace hung a Madonna, small indeed, but a masterpiece, a strange contrast to the mud-plastered walls, the tiny ivory crucifix on the shelf below the picture, had been an artist's life-work, while the great rug before the fire, on which Manaskan lay now in deep sleep, was once the pelt of a grizzly shot by a roving brother and valued only for his sake.

The narrow cot, the stool, the box-table, were the simple outfit of one ever ready to march at the word of command. A large packet of mail was in the rough wooden box attached to the door. The missionary smiled and drew it forth, it bore marks of a date two months old. Papers and letters and documents to be filled out, giving an account of his work on the mission. There was a letter bearing the stamp of an Episcopal residence and addressed in a familiar hand. Eagerly he opened it and read:

"My beloved Son: I have always regretted having allowed you to go to the wilds, but you so ardently pleaded your cause that in spite of my reluctance I gave way to your zeal.

"I felt, also, that to one who had been so long at books, the study of nature and the clambering 'up the heights' would be indeed a blessed thing for you. But since Father Thereau's return last autumn, his account of affairs in the new land has caused me grave doubts as to the wisdom of my decision. I understand that the whole settlement is in a most lawless condition, that the savages are continually threatening the lives of the whites, that in short, to human eyes your time and talents seem wasted in your present sphere. And more than that, I have had reported to me, not only by Father Thereau but by the missionary band that returned a year ago that among the ignorant, prejudiced and reckless people about you your personal safety is by no means secure.

"Now my dear son, as wisdom and prudence take precedence of fortitude, I do not propose to add my brilliant cleric so soon to the martyrology, so I write to offer you the post of President at St. Edward's College, Havre. Fathers Maron and Bournier will take your place and that of Father Thereau and I trust they will do for your little flock and the wild natives of the land what has been so nobly carried out by you. As for me, I am aging and my Shepherd's crook begins to grow heavy. Understand, dear son, this is not an official summons home. It is your father in Christ who writes you, leaving you free to follow the dictates of the Holy Spirit, which I know dwells in you.

"Come back to me and you will be welcomed with outstretched arms; remain at your post if you feel God's call is

there, and you will have as always, my tender and paternal benediction.

"Ever, my beloved son, your friend and Father in Christ.

" ✠ BERNARD JOSEPH."

The missionary read the letter twice over with face softened and lighted by a rare smile. The writer was very dear to him, and had been his director from childhood as well as his later teacher, friend and father.

The ties between them were of that rare and exquisite kind that far surpass the common relations of kin and friends of earth, and rather foreshadowed the sweet intercourse of blessed realms where souls meet face to face.

Besides the city of Havre was his home; there clustered all the gentle memories and tender associations of his earlier years; there he might breathe again the atmosphere of culture and refinement, which even the ascetic may enjoy; there would be poured into his life's cup the cordial of sympathy and the elixir of appreciation that are wont to stir up in human hearts the clarion call to victory.

The missionary smiled grimly, as he mentally compared the homeland scene with rude elemental life on the western continent, the hardships and dangers of missionary life.

A restless movement of the sleeper on the hearth rug made him pause beside the cot. Manaskan was tossing and muttering feverishly: "Ah, Pathias, Pathias, take me; I will be even as you are."

He looked at the lad lying almost at his feet, his form sturdy in thew and sinew, his every motion agile as some wild creature of the wood, and here he felt was the young human brute in all its perfection, with but slight knowledge of the divine spark within him, but ready to abandon himself to the flame of sacrifice.

Then gravely and slowly, as if he were choosing each word, the priest spoke aloud to the Crucifix:

"The soul is what you want, O God. This child will be an offering to you and your sweet service—the fruit of the life in the wilds. Take, O Lord and receive." Bowing his head, he stood for a long time motionless, communing silently with his Redeemer, conning over the sweet story of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, and Galilee. Thoroughly equipped as he was for wrestling with all the problems that vex the schools, this simple question of going or staying had for a moment staggered him. But the sight of this young reckless charge who forced himself, as it were, upon his hands, gave a new aspect to the future.

Here was a wilderness, indeed, more barren, more dreary than the Judean desert, where the tempter whispered the mock-

ing prayer that the stones should be made bread. He gazed out of his window at the great white peaks in the moonlight rising one above the other, nature's battlements frowning down upon the sleeping settlement, defiant, impregnable in their unyielding strength, and he felt it was almost as vain to cleave single handed a pathway over those frozen heights as to conquer the evil powers arrayed against him. His choice was made, and doubting whether by grace or impulse he resolved to abide by it.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Wayward Charge.

Three months later, the missionary's answer reached his bishop. It ran:

My dear Father:

Your letter touched me deeply, and as my soul has no secrets from you, I shall add, I fought with myself as Jacob wrestled with the angel, before I came to a decision. True, the field here is a difficult and unpromising one, but all the more reason why I should stay and bear the burden of my Saviour's cross. This I have not decided to do, but in accordance with your expressed wish, will make the home trip on the vessel that bears those two apostles of whom you wrote. I have with me a young French boy, who has grown up like a native Indian, but I think he will prove a rare work of divine grace and mercy in the years to come.

Gratefully and affectionately,

YOUR SON.

Meanwhile, the late comers to the settlement got to work, made homes for themselves and as springtime came, began to plow and plant hoping to reap a rich harvest in due season.

Manaskan found the situation a difficult one, and often times seized with a craving for the old wild life would disappear into the surrounding forests and no tidings of him would reach the ears of the missionary, who grew uneasy and anxious about him, but it was evident that the shackles of habit could not be thrown off so easily, and the restraint of civilized life even in its ruder form was more or less distasteful to Manaskan.

One evening, when a raw spring day had drawn to its close, the missionary was kneeling before the little altar in the chapel, about to begin reciting his breviary when he was startled by a sudden turmoil and scuffling in the adjoining room.

"I'll break every rib in your body, you young savage," came in shrill female tones.

"Wildcat! Wildcat!"—shouted Manaskan.

The priest dropped his breviary on the altar step, and came to the rescue none too soon. For there, in the remorseless grip of

Goodwife Saunders, was Manaskan, his hair in a tumbled heap, his clothing half-bedraggled and loosely hanging on him, his eyes blazing with fear and rage.

"Woman, loose the boy; what has he done?" said the priest.

"Done! Look down on the floor, your reverence, the leg of chicken off my own kitchen table. I had just cooked a dinner for you, a splendid dinner, and turned my back to get a basket to bring you that same, when in the back door rushes this heathen and begins to gorge himself with whatever he could lay hands on. He fled and I followed till I got him. He thought to escape me—look at him, he is a sight to behold. Back to the forests he ought to go with his own likes. He is no credit to your reverence."

The priest looked at the culprit and burst out laughing much to the annoyance of Goodwife Saunders. Streaks of gravy ornamented the front of the corduroy jacket, a huge medallion of mashed potatoes decked his right sleeve just below the elbow, while an elegant drumstick which Manaskan still grasped furnished the rest of the circumstantial evidence.

"Poor Manaskan!" said the priest. "You were hungry and I had forgotten about you. Come here and sit down and we shall have our dinner together."

Mrs. Saunders indignantly bore herself out of the room but a few minutes later returned with a well-cooked bountiful meal which she arranged on the rude table.

"Are you going to let that savage eat with you, your reverence?" she asked with an expression of horror on her countenance.

"I am sure the Divine Master would not have sent him away. Did he not say 'What you do for this homeless child on earth you do for me?'"

"Indeed, your reverence is right, but sometimes 'tis hard to see the good. I'll say nothing more to him this time for your reverence's sake," and dropping a curtsey she disappeared into the chapel.

Manaskan went to work like the famished creature he was, tearing the meat with teeth and fingers, thrusting morsels into his mouth and gulping down the milk in great draughts. The missionary's appetite was effectually banished and he could only regard the child with looks of deepest pity.

At last when Manaskan had demolished all before him, he drew a long sigh of satisfaction and rising from the table threw himself on the mat before the fire.

"Goodwife Saunders," said the priest when that still indignant woman re-entered to remove the remains of food and the dishes. "Can't you get some more clothes for the boy. Is there not a trunk full of suits that were made last summer just before the

group of colonists left for home. I think they had to leave a quantity of luggage behind."

"I'll see, your reverence, if Mrs. Berteau has any and I'll do what I can for the creature here."

So Mrs. Saunders was conquered and the next afternoon just about sunset, when the missionary returned after a long and tedious march through the settlement looking after the poor sick ones of the flock, he found his protege transformed. The bushy crop of riotous black tangle was clipped into short ringlets, the clean skin showed the healthy glow of color, and the gray homespun suit displayed to full advantage the young barbarian's sturdy, well-knit frame. Manaskan sat on a stool before the fire looking very uncomfortable in his new apparel.

"Ha, my boy! stand up and let me take a good look at you," said the priest cheerily.

Manaskan stood twisting and wriggling from side to side as if he longed to worm himself out of this unaccustomed gear and strike out for old paths and old haunts.

"Now lie down on the bearskin and let's have a talk.

"She said I was to sit up and be decent," said Manaskan doubtfully.

"Nonsense," laughed the missionary "stretch on the rug and be comfortable. You are now my boy, Manaskan."

"Yes, Pathias, I am your boy," answered Manaskan flinging himself upon the rug and supporting his upturned face on his hands, and directing a keen eye on the priest's face.

"You must feel that I am your friend, Manaskan, and that I want to be good to you, and whatever happens come to me," said the priest. "I am going away across the great lake, and I am going to take you with me and I shall teach you and make you a good man."

"Even as you are, Pathias," interrupted Manaskan, "I want to be as you are."

"Well, God's will be done, my child, His holy will be done." And then for half an hour the good missionary tried to impress his wayward charge with some sense of the duty owed to the Divine Unseen Being. Figures and letters, were of course, unknown signs to Manaskan; dogmas and doctrines in their simplest forms were incomprehensible; the thunders of Sinai would not have impressed the Ten Commandments on his restless brain. Oftentimes the good missionary's persuasion was in vain but the boy would always listen in wondering silence; still there was a glimmer in the boy's darkness that showed the good priest that light was dawning almost imperceptibly under his patient efforts.

Many a time just at dusk the missionary on going into the rude chapel would find the boy seated in the dark looking up to the altar where the ruddy glow of the little lamp burned un-

dimmed. The priest often wondered what Manaskan thought or felt at such times but he never questioned the boy. Perhaps, God was working some sweet miracle of grace, perhaps the divine Presence was waking in the young soul the buried seeds of advice, and bringing forth blossoms of virtue too tiny and weak as yet to bear the light. Still the missionary was silent, gentle, and tactful, knowing that he must be patient or the boy would fly from him back to his old haunts and be lost indeed.

THOUGHTS FOR FEBRUARY.

The month of February is dedicated in a special manner to the consideration of the Hidden Life of our Lord. As a child in His retreat in Nazareth he prayed and toiled in retirement and obscurity. Yet His prayer and labor were apostolic, and He was no less a Savior when he worked and prayed in that lowly home than when He taught the beatitudes on the mountain.

The Feast of the Purification which is the leading feast of the month suggests strong incentives to fervor and purity of life. It presents to us our Blessed Mother Mary scrupulously fulfilling to the last jot the requirements of the law from which she could have justly exempted herself.

She freely offers her Son, who is her only treasure, to His heavenly Father as a holocaust, well knowing that He is to become a victim for the sins of the world. He is the glorious light for the revelation of nations; but at the same time the object of contradiction and at His sufferings the sword will rankle in her own soul. She submits to all this and becomes, as it were, the priestess by whom the Saving Victim is offered in atonement for our sins. Thus she becomes our mother and our mediatrix with God. Obedience and self-sacrifice are the lessons of this glorious feast.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
In what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?
For so the whole, round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

Lent

The Lenten Season is near and Holy Mother Church calls upon her children to employ some bodily mortification whereby to express outwardly the deep repentant spirit of their hearts. Knowing man's instability, fickleness of purpose, and readiness to offer vain pretexts for self-indulgence, she has given the time of the year for its observance and the rules and regulations to be followed. It is made sufficiently disagreeable to constitute a penance but not too difficult to be practiced by all.

Out of reverence for the Apostles, who instituted Lent, she continues its observance; and because she thus wills, we must without exception respect her choice and submit to her directions.

To obey the laws of the Church is to obey Jesus Christ; to violate her laws is to neglect them, to regard them as trifles, it is in fact to neglect and to disobey Christ, her Founder. This is no trifling fault.

Some one will say "I desire to obey God rather than men." Yes, but men vested with divine authority, so that it is God Himself who speaks, commands, instructs, sanctifies, forbids and governs by their lips—these are not to be set aside. "And shall God condemn me for a little meat?" No; but for the disobedience which is all the more guilty in proportion as the law imposed is simple and easy to follow. What can excuse a man who could have fasted and abstained, yet would not?

If your health is really too weak, the law is not for you, since the Church desires us to do penance but not such as will make us ill. Again, those who have very hard work, or are extremely poor, may always obtain a dispensation, since no one can live without sufficient food.

Another says: "It is exceedingly tiresome and disagreeable to fast. And this last feeble excuse is generally at the root of the whole matter.

Whoever fails to fulfil his duty lives in sin; and he who lives in sin shall receive its inevitable consequences unless he repent and amend.

Every one is free to choose. God has through His appointed agent, Holy Mother Church, made known to us His Holy Will. It is for us to follow. We come then to the part of the good resolution and here we stop and think of what is really going to prove beneficial to us in the way of sacrifices and good works.

Nothing is better calculated to cure conceit, to give one an humble opinion of oneself, than a serious examination as to the keeping of our lenten resolutions.

If they have been written down and dated, as is perhaps most generally the case, the humiliation is apt to be complete.

This is a good thing provided it does not lead to discouragement, and one is not deterred from fresh efforts at self-conquest. Such should not be the effect of our introspection. It should be remembered that good resolutions, no matter how badly broken, can always be put together again; and that it is far better to make good resolutions and to break them than not to make them at all. The very intention of good resolves counts for something. Certainly they were not formed with the idea of being disregarded. To quote the advice of the gentle Saint Francis de Sales: "Do not make too many resolutions, or depend entirely upon your own strength to keep them."

One of the best is to abstain from such amusements as are innocent and wholly unprohibited. As Lent is a time of prayer, penance and retirement from the distractions of the world, it is befitting that we should surrender even our innocent pastimes, at least, to some extent, during this holy season, and not imitate worldlings who continue their amusements only under a different name. This we can all do—visit the churches, hear the Word of God, read pious books, meditate on the sufferings of our Lord as depicted in the Stations of the Cross. It is the time when the family should gather round the paternal hearth, and invoke God's grace in common by the recitation of the beads or other prayers; and by word and example encourage the worthy observance of Lent.

E. de M.

Helen's Lesson

In a pretty little villa on one of our pleasant sea-coast islands lived two children Helen and Lucille, very much alike in feature and disposition and members of the same family. Like two beautiful flowers they grew up side by side, lifting their innocent young hearts day by day to the protecting gaze of Heaven.

One pleasant morning during the holidays a friend came and brought them two pretty white kittens, so much alike that it was impossible to tell which was which. On leaving the friend said: "These dear little kittens in their innocence and mutual affection are counterparts of yourselves, children. Love them, care for them for they are God's little creatures and very helpless just now."

The joy of the children knew no bounds. During the first two days they spent all their leisure time playing with the kittens and admiring their pretty whitty furry coats.

"They are exactly like us,—always together," Helen would say; while Lucille added: "And they never quarrel,—they love each other so dearly."

Weeks passed, and the children did not tire of the kittens, which, on their side, became more and more strongly attached to their young mistresses. But after a time the mother observed that the kittens were becoming the occasion of the first friction to arise between the children. One morning, they ran to feed them, Lucille was first, and Helen cried: "Oh, let me give them the milk! You always do it!"

But Lucille had already poured the milk into the saucer and the kittens were eagerly lapping it up with their pink tongues.

"Whoever comes first Helen."

"But we came together."

"No; I was a little ahead of you." Lucille spoke pleasantly; unconscious (thought the mother, who was listening) that her sister felt any displeasure. Helen remained silent for a moment; but soon her brow cleared, and the incident was forgotten.

The next morning Helen came with tiny pieces of buttered crumbs. Lucille followed her, saying: "Let me feed the kittens, Helen. You always do it." But Helen drew away.

"No!" she said sharply and began to coax the kittens to eat from her hand. Lucille stood by, looking very unhappy.

The next morning their mother heard Helen complaining that the kittens liked Lucille better than herself, that they followed her around while she was scarcely noticed.

The little pets were beginning to make a breach between the two who had always been as one. The wise and prudent mother, after giving the matter some thought, decided on a plan which she resolved to put into execution as soon as another dispute should arise.

Up to this time the arguments had been confined to the subject of the kittens, but she knew that this was probably the beginning of more serious disputes.

She had correctly anticipated. The day after the scene related, from the sitting room where she sat embroidering, she saw them going hand in hand to play with the kittens on the piazza. Lucille took them out of their basket and they ran up the piazza.

"See there!" cried Helen, "They love you better than me."

"That is because I took them up," replied Lucille.

"Put them back and let me take them out," said Helen.

Helen placed the playful little kittens back in the basket and Helen took them out but they scampered over to Lucille and began a merry romp from the floor to her lap and then to her shoulders. Helen began to cry.

"O Helen," said her sister, putting her arms around her, "I was only teasing you! I had some tiny pieces of meat in my hand and they smelled it. That is why they like me better—for what I can give them."

But Helen turned away pouting. The mother saw it was time to act, and not wishing to let the children know that she was aware of the trouble, she came to the piazza from outside, quite a roundabout way and acted as though she had not seen them before.

"Children," she said gently, "I think it would be a good idea if each of you would take one of these little kittens as her own pet and care for it."

"But why do you want us to do that, mamma?" said Lucille. "The kittens seem so happy together."

"Yes, they do now," said her mother. "But I have no doubt that after a while they will begin to quarrel if they are not separated. Birds are like children in some ways."

The children exchanged glances wondering if their mother had them in mind. But their mother seemed entirely unconscious and looked at them so pleasantly, that they could see no traces of their own thoughts in her mind. Then they began to think that perhaps the idea might prove satisfactory. So Helen chose one and tied a pink ribbon around its neck and kept it in a little basket of its own on the back porch, while Lucille adorned hers with a blue ribbon and kept it in a basket on the front porch. But as soon as they were parted they began to mew and fret and call with heartrending little calls. The children were griefstricken.

"Mamma," pleaded Helen, "why can't we let them go around together as they have been doing?"

"Oh, no!" answered their mother cheerfully. "In that case they will not be able to distinguish their owners."

In spite of their mother's cheerful tones both children understood her motive plainly.

"I think," continued the mother, "that if you, Helen, go to the back porch with your kitten and stay there for the day, while Lucille remains on the front piazza with hers, you will make them forget each other and by tomorrow they will probably have grown accustomed to the separation."

The children obeyed very reluctantly. The morning seemed endless. They never forgot it.

"It is terrible to have to play alone!" murmured Lucille, after having passed several lonely hours trying to amuse the whining, fretful kitten. "I wish it were dinner time."

Helen, sitting on the back porch, longed for her sister's company and began to hate the innocent little cause of their separation.

"I wish we had never seen those kittens!" she murmered to herself. "However, dinner-time will soon be here, and we shall have a pleasant afternoon together."

But her mother thought otherwise. "Half a day is not sufficient to wean those kittens from each other's company. Give another half day and make the experiment complete. Surely you are willing to do that for the dear little creatures of which you are so fond."

Slowly the dissatisfied pair went back to their lonely situation. The next morning the kittens refused their milk and the children went to their mother and begged to let them eat together.

"Why not experiment for another day?" she replied.

"O, mamma," cried Helen, "we could not stand such another day."

"We are as unhappy as our little pets," said Lucille, "Never before have we been so long apart."

Then Helen burst into tears. "It is my fault," she cried, "I began the dispute and envied Lucille because the kittens followed her around."

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge your fault, Helen. Like the tiny creatures which, you have seen, were miserable when parted, you too, my pets were unhappy, when separated for so short a time. What a slight thing you allowed to cause dissension between you? Bring the kittens together once more."

A second bidding was not needed. Baskets were brought and opened and soon two little white fur balls were frisking and tumbling on the floor and playing with each other and then with the children. The children were delighted.

"Mamma," said Lucille, "you have taught us both a very good lesson."

"The lesson was for me," said Helen. "I needed it. I was the one at fault."

The mother pressed her children to her heart saying, "Never forget, my dears, that in whatever circumstances you are placed or wherever you may be, that the beautiful feeling of the members of a family one for another should be disturbed on no account and for no reason whatever. No one is dearer to you than your sister, Helen, and nothing must ever come between you again."

GARDENIA GAY.

A PRAYER.

May Christ, who gave thee to me as a Friend,
Vouchsafe Himself to thee,
And in His Love unbounded, condescend
To be thy truest and thy dearest Friend
Closer than I could be.

"It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven—
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

"Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love."

"There is always a way to rise in the world,
Always a way to advance,
But the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance;
It goes through the stations of Work and Strive,
Through the Valley of Persevere,
And the one who succeeds while others fail
Must be willing to pay most dear."

"I passed beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;

"And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazoned on the panes."

The Catholic Church in Maine

THE KENNEBEC.

The First Recorded Mass.

While many of the sons of Catholic France as well as those of other maratime nations had undoubtedly visited the coast of our State many years prior to the coming of De Monts and Champlain in 1604, it remained for the illustrious Father Biard to leave us some few details of the first recorded celebration of the Holy Sacrifice within our borders. In search of a promising site for a future Catholic colony, Father Biard as we learn from his letter of January 31, 1612 written from Port Royal to the Jesuit Superior General at Paris, had accompanied M. de Biencourt on a voyage of about a month and a half during which he tells us that they "ranged the entire coast from Port Royal to Kinibequi (the river Kennebec) west southwest. We entered the great rivers St. John, Sainte Croix, Pentegoet (Penobscot) and the above named Kinibequi." He tells us that he had two reasons for undertaking this journey: "One to give spiritual aid to Sieur de Biencourt and his people; the other to observe and study the dispositions of these nations to receive the holy gospel." It was probably near the end of September 1611 when they left Port Royal on this voyage of detailed exploration following without doubt the courses taken by Champlain in 1604. They again admired the towering peaks of Mount Desert, passed under the ocean beaten craigs of Isle au Haut, sailed about the sea girt walls of Monhegan, tarrying perchance a day here and there to admire the beauties of untouched nature as well as to form a more intimate acquaintance with the Indians. "We arrived at Kinibequi, eighty leagues from Port Royal the 28th of October," writes Father Biard, "the day of St. Simon and St. Jude, of the same year, 1611."

Champlain had already entered the Kennebec during his voyage along our coast in 1604. His was perhaps the first civilized eye to look upon the beauties adorning the Kennebec, many of which remain today. Here in May, 1605 they had erected a cross and taken possession of the country in the name of the king of France. Thither in the autumn of 1607 had come the English colony under the command of George Popham. Here they had erected their slender cabins, and laid the foundations of Fort St. George afterwards called Popham's fort. Here amid trials and privations they had passed the unmitigated rigors of the winter of 1607 and 1608 only to abandon their fort and rude huts the following spring.

The French on their arrival at once began the exploration of the abandoned English fort. "Now as everything is beautiful at first," narrates Father Biard, "the undertaking of the English had to be praised and extolled and the conveniences of the place enumerated. But a few days afterwards they changed their views; for they saw that there was a fine opportunity of making a counter-fort there which might have imprisoned them and cut them off from the sea and river; moreover, even if they had been left unmolested, they would not have enjoyed the advantages of the river, since it has several other mouths, and good ones, some distance from there. Further more, what is worse, we do not believe that in six leagues of surrounding country, there is a single acre of good tillable land, the soil being nothing but stones and rocks."

"Now, in as much as the wind forced us to go on, when the third day came, Monsieur de Biencourt considered the subject in council and decided to take advantage of the wind and go up the river, in order to thoroughly explore it."

Leaving Popham's fort apparently during the afternoon of October 30th Biencourt sailed up the river about nine miles, when the fast ebbing tide and the rapidly receding twilight of the short autumn day caused him to anchor in the middle of the river where he spent the night. Hardly had the expedition came to anchor ere the Indians were seen setting out from the shore in their canoes gradually feeling their way about the ship. "There were twenty-four persons therein, writes Father Biard," all warriors. They went through a thousand manœuvers and ceremonies before accosting us, and might have been compared to a flock of birds which wanted to go into a hemp-field but feared the scarecrow. We were very much pleased at this for our people also needed to arm themselves and arrange the pavesade. In short, they continued to come and go; they reconnoitered; they carefully noted our numbers, our cannon, our arms, everything; and when night came they camped upon the other bank of the river, if not out of reach, at least beyond the aim of our cannon. "The Indians had already had trouble with the English on their visit to the river a few years before; they doubtlessly remembered the injuries suffered at their hands, hence were in no hurry in forming the acquaintance of the strangers. "All night," Father Biard tells us, "there was continual haranging, singing and dancing, for such is the kind of life all these people lead when they are together. Now as we supposed that their song and dances were invocations to the devil, to oppose the power of this cursed tyrant, I had our people sing some sacred hymns, as the Salve, the Ave Maris Stella, and others. But when they once got into the way of singing, the spiritual songs being exhausted, they took up others with which they were familiar. When they came to the end of these, as the French are natural mimics, they began to

mimic the singing and dancing of the Armouchiquois who were upon the bank, succeeding so well that the Armouchiquois stopped to listen to them; and then our people stopped and the others immediately began again. It was really very comical, for you would have said that they were two choirs which had a thorough understanding with each other, and scarcely could you distinguish the real Armouchiquois from their imitators."

Thus they passed the night: the fraternal spirit had gradually grown between them, and the Indians were made to realize that the new comers had no ill intent towards them; hence when they resumed their journey on the last day of October up the river, they were persuaded by the accompanying Indians to abandon their purpose of going any further up river and to turn to the right through an arm of the river which they assured them would in a few hours enable them to reach the camping ground of the great sachem Meteourmite who would gladly furnish them with all the piousquemin (corn) they might need. Biencourt following their guidance passed his vessel through the narrow strait now spanned by the bridge between Woolwich and Arrowsic into what is now called Pleasant cove or Nequasset bay. Finding the water very shallow, and seeing that the Indians had disappeared the French were led to believe that they had been betrayed, and were in favor of hostile measures.

Wiser councils however prevailed; the Indians as it was afterwards proven had simply gone to warn Meteourmite of the strangers coming. The Sagamore eventually appeared, greeted them warmly, and finally persuaded them to accept the guidance of some of his chosen people who would lead them to his village. How far they followed, or what distance the visit to his village took them from the Kennebec we have no means of knowing. Judging their caution and care as they proceeded we should say that he was not far distant. However this may be, it would appear that they passed through the dangerous currents of the Hellgates. "For we traversed such perilous heights and narrow passes that we never expected to escape from them. In fact, in two places some of our men cried out in distress that we were all lost. But thank God, they cried too soon." Father Biard in his simple narration proceeds to describe their visit to Meteourmite. "When we arrived," writes Father Biard, "Monsieur de Biencourt armed himself, and thus arrayed proceeded to pay a visit to Meteourmite. He found him in the royal apparel of savage majesty, alone in a wigwam that was well matted above and below, and about forty powerful young men stationed around like a body guard, each one with his shield, his bow and arrows upon the ground in front of him."

The Jesuit however does not give us any details as to the interview between Biencourt and Meteourmite, excepting the information that they did not have any great quantity of corn, but that he would be pleased to trade some skins with him.

The missionary naturally seems more anxious to place before us the favorable impression which he made on the Indians. "As for me," says the Rev. Father, "I received that day the greater part of the welcome; for I was unarmed, the most honorable among them, turning their backs upon the soldiers, approached me with a thousand demonstrations of friendship. They led me to the largest wigwam of all; it contained fully eighty people. When they had taken their places, I fell on my knees and repeated my Pater. Ave. Credo, and some orisons; then pausing, my hosts, as if they had understood me perfectly, applauded after their fashion, crying 'Ho I ho I ho I' I gave them some crosses and pictures, explaining them as well as I could. They very willingly kissed them, made the sign of the cross, and each one in turn endeavored to present his children to me so that I would bless them and give them something. Thus passes that visit and another that I have since made."

The close of the autumn day, October 31st, 1611 had now come, the various negotiations were brought to an end, and all sought shelter aboard their ship for the night, to await the coming day for the completion of their trades with the Indians.

The morning of November 1st, 1611 dawned; throngs of Indians crowded the deck of the bark anxious to exchange their furs for the simple trinkets offered by the French. So eager were the Savages, and so great was the disorder by the ever increasing numbers, that bloodshed seemed imminent, but Biencourt fortunately remembered that the good missionary had that morning left the ship in company with a boy for a neighboring island," to there offer the Blessed Sacrament for our reconciliation.

It was the beautiful feast of All Saints, a holyday of obligation then as now. Father Biard had perchance frequently reared his rude altar at many a point of landing along our rock bound coast during the voyage from Port Royal to the Kennebec. He may have taken advantage of their stay at Popham's fort to celebrate Holy Mass. However this may be, we find no mention in his many lengthy reports of his having up to this date celebrated Mass within the borders of our State.

But on what island did he thus celebrate on this November morn, the feast of All Saints? The coast of Maine abounds in islands; there are many of them in and about the mouths of the Sheepscot and Kennebec rivers. Considering his description of their voyage from Popham's fort to this vicinity, we would place him nearer the former than the latter. It was perhaps early on the morning of the 28th that they had rounded Seguin Island and moored their little vessel in Kennebec waters just off the deserted fort. A stay of three days would coincide with their sailing up river and their first associations or fraternizing with the Indians. On the 31st they were on their way over

through the Hellgates towards Meteourmite's village. Careful reading of Father Biard's report of this passage, their visit to the Indian chief would seem to have consumed the closing day of October, 1611, leaving us Nov. 1st as the most probable date for the conclsion of their interesting and friendly relations with Meteourmite's people.

May we not permit our imagination to picture this the scene of the first recorded Mass not only on the Kennebec but perhaps in all the United States north of Florida.

It will be Father Biard's last appeasance in these parts for a few days later, "it being" as he tells us, "already the 6th of November we turned our ships towards Port Royal, stopping at Pentegoet, as we had promised the Savages."

It was doubtlessly a pleasant Autumn morning, one not unlike many of those we have experienced, when Winter seems loth as it were to break in upon the beautiful spell of departing Summer. The various tinted autumn foliage has now well neigh disappeared, leaving only the evergreen pines, the hemlock, the spruce and the fir to adorn and form the surroundings for the first known spot where the Holy Sacrifice was offered on our coast. It must have been towards a sheltered cove, that our good Father and his attendant quietly directed their boat on this November morn for Divine services. In his thoughtful preparation, he may have perhaps allowed his mind to wander afar, to the scenes of his sunny France to the many spires rising among her vine clad hills, to the numerous throngs of her devoted children now at or on their way to assist at Holy mass within the sheltering walls of her many churches, happy in the possession of the one true faith. Thence his thoughts centered on the churchless children of the western world, many of whom the churchless children of the western world, many of whom were now perhaps about him in their frail barken canoes, and from his heart, there went up to his Heavenly Father, the missionary's prayer for the conversion of the unbeliever.

In spirit we look on the few brief preparations, the selection of his altar site, the rearing of the rude support whereon the Living word was about to be offered, the old familiar announcement, the "Introibo ad altare Dei," I will go in to the altar of God," uttered by the zealous priest in the midst of the American forest with greater fervor perhaps than would have been the case had he been at the stately altar of some magnificent cathedral in his native land. We have no doubt that as he read the beautiful All Saints service, when he came to make his memento for the living, as he passed from the consideration of that great throng in constant attendance at the altars of our heavenly Father, to the members of the church militant, he laid special stress on his heart felt wish for the conversion of those living about him yet in the darkness of idolatry and the slavery of their evil habits.

As he lifted up the spotless Host, the Lamb without stain, slain for the salvation of mankind, and turned his thought on the church suffering in his memento for the departed, it may have been given him to realize in part the fruits of his sacrifice, the many future conversions, the glorious American church and the many saints thereby added to the "Turbam magnam" the countless crowd who see God and sing his praises in the realms of Eternal light.

AT NAZARETH.

What a beautiful picture of homelife is presented to us in the study of the Holy Family. Surely it is the wish of Our Divine Lord that parents should model their own lives and those of their children according to the exemplar of the little home of Nazareth. Here the father, the mother, the child: the growing youth and maiden; adult manhood and womanhood will find a model of peace, good will, contentment and happiness; of purity, love of prayer and retirement; of humility, industry and obedience; of mutual charity and zeal in the service of God. These are the domestic virtues that form the foundation of Christian society. On the purity, integrity and holiness of the family depends the happiness, not only of individuals but of communities, states, and of the world at large.

The hidden life of our Lord at Nazareth was a sublime example of obedience. He went down to Nazareth, "and was subject to them." How wonderful are the ways of God that He should put His only begotten Son under obedience to His own creatures. This is the law of God that "every soul be subject to higher powers; for all power is from God." And certainly we have been taught an impressive lesson. Oh, that parents would bear this in mind and keep the lesson of Nazareth always before themselves and their children. Every Christian family would become Nazareth, a Paradise on earth.

W. L.

Caroline D. Swan.

A recent conversion of more than usual interest to the Catholics of our diocese, is that of Miss Caroline D. Swan who was received into the Church January 25, the feast of the conversion of St. Paul, in the chapel of St. Regis, One Hundred and Fortieth street and Riverside drive, New York.

Miss Swan, long a resident of Maine, was baptized by Bishop Northrop, of Charleston, S. C. Her sponsors in Baptism were the Rev. Philip A. Best, O. C. C., St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., and Mrs. A. M. Davis, Philadelphia. Bishop Northrop also confirmed her and gave her her first Holy Communion.

The author of "The Unfading Light," in a letter written to the Rev. Dr. Burke, Editor of the Catholic Register and Canadian Extension, thus announces this happy event.

"St. Regis Convent,

West 140 St. and Riverside Drive,

New York City.

My Dear Dr. Burke:—

I hasten to tell you that I was received into your Church yesterday by Bishop Northrop, of Charleston, S. C.

It was a strange ordering of things. The good Paulist, Father Burke, of the Catholic World, was eager to receive me down at his church on 60th Street. But he was called away to Washington and on his way back met with a serious accident which still confines him to his room. Meanwhile, Bishop Northrop, who has not been North in the winter for thirty years—I have not been in New York for as much as twelve or fifteen—came here on business with the Sisters, I met him, and after reading a few of my poems in the subway as he returned, he wrote me a delightful letter, saying 'if you will only let me, I will get permission from His Grace and go up and baptize you any morning, and come up the next day, say the Holy Mass for you, and give you the real body of the Lord, in Which and in Whom you believe and write about so tenderly.' I said, 'Yes.' I was received yesterday eve of the conversion of St. Paul. Good Father Best came and with the chaplain assisted the Bishop. The latter was very kind, and I shall never forget him. I am sure his good prayers for me are heard in heaven. I will send you a literary article in a day or two. A most kind letter has come from Father Burke. Say a prayer for me, please.

C. D. Swan."

We are also indebted to the "Register-Extension" for Miss Swan's first contribution since her entrance to the Church, in which under the similitude of a candle difficult to light, the author shows in brief her journey towards the one true fold.

"In the Chapel"

In vain the torch of glimmering flame
Touches you taper's cold unyielding white;
Yet why so feeble? Why so loth to light?
All around thee stand ablaze. Art not the same?

Nor soul, nor taper ventureth to reply,—
"The smoking flax, this dull, reluctant spark,
Enkindle, Lord." Quick answering through the dark,
The taper glows, the soul uplifts its cry.

O parable of Peace from One on high
That poor reluctant candle, Lord, am I.

ORDINANDI.

Before yon earthly shrine, O dearest Lord,
Knelt two whose lives like tapers burn for Thee,—
Thy holy priests now, bearers of Thy Word,
And guardians of Thy Sacred Mystery.
Pure as the lily keep those human hearts,
And spotless as the Host those hallowed souls;
While far above the joy this world imparts,
Be theirs that peace Thy Sacred Word extols.
O make them strong and comfort them in pain,
In hour of trial sorrowing apart;
And lest their life-long sacrifice be vain,
Enclose them in Thy Sacred, Wounded Heart.

CARMENELLA.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception,
Portland, Maine,
December, 1913.

A Young Recruit

During one of Napoleon's Austrian Campaigns there was living near the city of Augsburg, a young widow who was the mother of a baby son. Her husband had been killed in battle only a few months before. When hostilities broke out anew the widow moved into Augsburg, thinking that she would be safer there than elsewhere. But the rapid advance of the French troops soon began to make the Austrian sympathizers in Augsburg tremble. They had taken advantage of the early defeats of the French in the Spanish peninsula, in the spring and summer of 1809, to harass their Bavarian neighbors; and now that the French army was at their gates and about to march through their city they dreaded a terrible retaliation.

Among those whose fears were most excited by this expected advent of hostile troops was the young widow. Her personal knowledge of the dire horror of war drove her almost to her wits' end with apprehension. Hastily resolving to flee to a neighboring town where she had relatives, she seized her baby and set out. But in her confusion, she took a wrong direction, and passed out of the city by a gate which led her directly into the presence of the French troops.

Here she was soon found by the commanding officer, but not soon enough to save her from an agony of alarm. Trembling, sobbing, almost distraught, she threw herself at the General's feet imploring him to kill her at once rather than abandon her to the insults of his soldiers.

The kind-hearted man answered her tears by his own, and, raising her, he gave her a safe conduct through the French ranks and an escort to take her to her friends.

While this was going on the order was given for the troops to march. In the hurly-burly that ensued the mother was somehow separated from her babe, which was left behind, while she was hurried forward by her escort to her place of destination.

And now a curious thing happened, a thing strange and touching in the testimony it bears to the depth of goodness latent in human nature. Perhaps it may have been the cries of the deserted baby that arrested the attention of a French grenadier.

He may have been a father, with little ones at home, the memory of whom was tugging at his heartstrings. At any rate he was only a common soldier; but he picked up the baby, inquired whither its mother had been taken, and silently promised himself that if his life were spared he would yet restore

it to her arms. He had a leather bag made, into which he put the child, and carried it in such a way that his knapsack would afford it some shelter, and marched off with his company thus burdened.

His comrades jeered him at first, but they soon came to appreciate the beauty of this golden deed; and doubtless many a man among them played nurse to the baby in the intervals of fighting during the long campaign. For it was six months before the French came back to Augsburg. During all that time our soldier, fortunately never wounded, had carried the little waif about with him. When fighting was going on he would dig a hole in the ground and lay the baby in it, taking care that it should have air enough to breathe. When the battle was over he would come back for it, feed and play with it and perhaps look on it as a pledge for his own safety,—a pledge deposited in the bank of Divine Providence. And he grew so attached to it that, as the army turned again toward Augsburg, he began to suffer from the thought of having to part with it, should he find the mother alive.

And what about that mother all these months? Of course she had missed her child immediately, and implored the soldiers who were escorting her to take her back to look for it. But they were under orders and did not heed her entreaties. She reached her friends in safety, but, motherlike, she rushed back at once to Augsburg as soon as the French had left it, seeking for her child, or some tidings of it. She sought in vain; no one could tell her anything about the little fellow, and, after bitter mourning she gave him up for dead.

Six months later she was sitting at work in her room when a message was brought to her from one of the French soldiers stationed in the great city square.

He could not leave the ranks, so said his messenger; but if she would come to him he had something precious that belonged to her, and which he wanted to return. The poor woman never once thought of her baby. He was dead and in heaven. But it was worth while to see the soldier, even if she could not imagine what treasure of hers could possibly have fallen into his hands. So she went to the square and asked for the grenadier by his name. He stepped out of the ranks, lifted the baby from the leather bag that had cradled it so long and put it into his mother's arms. Imagine her joy and gratitude!

Fancying that the mother might be in poor circumstances, he had also taken up a collection for her among his comrades and on returning to her room with the child she found twenty-five gold louis in the child's frock pocket.

E. G. M.

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

Beyond these loveless regions where we wander,
Beyond the rose and snow,
To some celestial country over yonder,
Our little pilgrims go.

Some silent and some singing, some called early,
Who do not speak, but smile,
Love's darlings with bright eyes and locks so curly—
Heirs of the afterwhile.

We read full oft in some quaint olden story,
Traced by a priestly hand,
How once the children dreaming dreams of glory
Sought for the Holy Land.

Bright-eyed and brave they passed from town to city,
Led by the heavenly call,
While worldly souls looked on in love and pity,
Yet stayed them not withal.

And some who saw them wept, and some were quiet,
And some smiled as they passed,
They knew beyond the darkness and the riot
They found God's land at last.

And so they passed beyond all earthly noises,
Beyond all human sight,
And yet the echo of their angel voices
Was blown back through the night.

And even now as in the old time story,
Led by some gentle hand
Our little pilgrims dreaming dreams of glory
Seek for the Holy Land.

They rise and leave us in the flush of morning,
At sunset or at night,
Nor smiles, nor tears, nor words of earthly warning
May stay them in their flight.

They leave no footprints in the springing grasses,
Nor on the highways wide,
But wheresoe'er the glad procession passes
The earth seems sanctified.

We may not know what cares or ills befall them,
What troubles or what pain
But all things fair, and sweet, and pure recall them,
And bid them live again.

ELVIRA MILLER.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of
Catherine Lucinda Landry
Daughter of
Eugene E. Landry and Eva Vigue
Born at Waterville, Maine, August 1st, 1896
Died February 23, 1913.

Fortified by the last Rites of Holy Mother Church, the close of an exemplary Christian life found resigned to the will of her Creator, one who had ever been a dutiful and loving daughter, one who as she closed her eyes to the trials and joys of earth, left her bereaved relatives and friends every reason to hope that she had opened them to all the joys of life eternal.

OH! SACRED CROSS!

Hymn composed by Cardinal O'Connell for the Missionary Congress.

Oh! Sacred Cross! Oh! Holy Tree!
On which my blessed Saviour died,
Teach my poor heart that mystery
Of my Redeemer crucified.

Teach me that Thou hast loved me so
Sweet Lord from all eternity,
That only such a death could show
The fulness of Thy love for me.

Cross of my Saviour! Sacred Sign!
Teach me the penalty of sin;
Show me the path, which love divine
Opens to Heaven, and leads me in.

Refrain.

Cross of my Saviour! Sacred Sign!
Lead me from sin to grace divine.

Historical and Magazine Notes

One of the places where a church may be erected this present year in our Diocese, is Biddeford Pool, a summer resort near Biddeford. Mass was offered there last summer by the Rev. John Finn, Sunday, July 20 at 6.30 A. M., there being an attendance of 85 at this the first recorded Mass celebrated at Biddeford Pool, after which services were held regularly on Sundays until the close of the season.

The "Go to Church Sunday" was certainnly a great success among our separated brethren, but it does not appear to have affected our Catholic congregations to any appreciable extent. The truth is, the "Go to Church" people are the rule among us Catholics, and we find them there in large numbers Sunday after Sunday; the vast majority of Catholics admit of no exception in matters of Church attendance, while the small minority of our Catholics that are negligent in the religious duties, may be favorably compared in number with the small attendance which is the rule or experience among our non-Catholic friends. The fact is that it will take more than they have been receiving in the line of instruction, and less advertising, to render the unusual attendance of "Go to Church Sunday" constant on the other Sundays of the year.

When the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine first appeared in July 1913, the subscription list and good will of the "Catholic Opinion" were taken over for a consideration agreeable to all parties concerned. which included the various amounts due the "Opinion" from its subscribers, many of whom were two, three, and even four years in arrears according to the accounts as handed over to the magazine with the subscription list. Notices have or will be sent to all former subscribers to the "Opinion" for the amounts which appear due from them. Should there be any mistakes in these accounts, and mistakes are always possible, kindly take the matter up with the publisher of the magazine, and the question will be duly adjusted.

For several months past, "The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine" has been sent to all the subscribers of the "Academia," it being judged wiser to combine that most excellent publication with the Diocesan Magazine. The good Sisters under whose auspices the "Academia" was issued, at St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, have not however ceased their interest in the work, but are and have been most faithful and valued assistants

in the labor of getting out the historical magazine. We beg therefore to assure many who have expressed surprise at receiving "The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine" that the former editors of the "Academia" are doing as usual their best to afford pious, instructive, and useful reading through the columns of our Diocesan Magazine for their one time pupils and subscribers.

We are offering this month the first in a series of papers on the "Early Irish Colonists in Maine," a subject which should prove interesting, and will we trust bring to light many facts connected with the pioneer Celtic immigration to our State. That they came here early we cannot doubt, for we encounter their names in many a historic document, such as petitions, deeds, wills, militia company records, church foundations, and ancient cemetery inscriptions, all of which amply attest the coming of the Irish people to Maine at a date very nearly centemporary with her earliest Christian history.

This subject has as yet hardly been touched, in fact so little attention has been devoted to the passing of our forefathers, that the most we may hope for today is the collecting of a few details here and there, a few facts, and some traditions which yet linger, thus to give some faint idea of the simple yet noble lives of those that have passed and gone.

The Burnett immigration bill has now been before the United States Congress for about two years. Although this measure was vetoed by President Taft a year ago, it has again started on its still further effort for enaction on our statute books where its literary test would without doubt bar thousands of very desirable immigrants from landing on our shores. Representative Sabath of Illinois, a former Bohemian immigrant is the chief opponent of the present bill.

Speaking on the floor of the House of Representatives a few days ago, Mr. Sabath showed that the bill was being fostered and pushed along largely by the Restrictive Immigration League, the Junior Order of American Mechanics, and the Patriotic Order of Americans, and that the views of these various orders were the same as those formerly advocated by the old American Protective Association, and the now almost forgotten Know-Nothings. He proved by quoting from the United States Bureau of Education reports that "the least illiterate of our population are native-born children of foreign parents, illiteracy among children of native born parents" being, "three times as great as among native born children of foreign parents."

Speaking against the literacy test in this bill, Congressman Murray of Massachusetts said: "Let me give you some statistics on that line. A study from the official records of the nativity of 337,800 soldiers shows that 203,622 were born in the United

States and 134,178 were foreign born. Of the foreign born soldiers, 19,985 were born in British America, 14,000 were of English birth, 12,000 were born in various countries other than those named, 36,000 were born in Germany, and 51,000 were born in Ireland. This makes it evident that 38 per cent, practically 2 out of every five soldiers of foreign birth, were Irishmen; and of the 2,800,000 enlistments in the United States services 15.1 per cent, or 432,588, were natives of Ireland."

The association of Catholic teachers recently formed under the patronage of His Eminence Cardinal Farly, for the purpose of teaching Catholic doctrine to the Catholic children under their care in the public schools by having them remain after school hours for a course of religious instruction, is deserving of all praise. Our Catholic teachers in the public schools of New York, daubtless feel the need of rest after the long and New York doubtless feel the need of rest after the long and this most charitable work has evoked the following comment for a Protestant journal, "The Christian Advocate," which says. "These Roman Catholic teachers at large sacrifice are doing precisely what they ought to do, if they propose to give the last ounce of their loyalty to the Church. The thing that makes us glad is the possibility of their action stirring up Protestants to realize how superbly stupid they have been concerning the religious instruction of children. The consequence is that the majority of Protestant children, especially in the great cities receive very inadequate religious training, and many do not have any which is worthy of respect. If Protestants cannot see in what direction the index finger of our times is pointing, then it is high time that our religious journals should everywhere raise a cry of alarm not against Romanists for being true to their principles, but against Protestants for their unmitigated folly in allowing the precious opportunities they have to slip away unused. We make no apology for having commended the Roman Catholic sense and enthusiasm, and we devoutly pray that there may be born among Protestant teachers of this country an intelligent zeal for religion akin to that so worthily displayed by these faithful teachers of the Roman Catholic Church."